Officer Izaguirre,
1/21/2016

I had little idea the seriousness of the charges against me—nor how serious the Department is in sinking me—what I learned is *"C3 14-160"* but more importantly "*120"*—and given I haven't heard back from the Department about who it was who continued to come to me, last October: I told the Department who it was, and that it would be finding out more—but given that hasn't happened, not to mention contact has diminished greatly, everyone knows who it was—make that, *is*. Given the Department's disconnect, this scheme is now self-evident. As Officer D.P. Counts mentioned, June 2013, during a call *I* made—the Officer with the "Cajun name" I'll never get right, also at the scene, early October 13th,[1] who mentioned hearing the name "*Counts*"—the latter the Officer who brought up a *"G.S. 50-C"* for someone who'd remained a chronic problem for many, and on that day, as well—who *continues* to tell people to stay away from her *"flowers"* on what has always been city property—what Public Affairs told me was "*harassment"*—Counts summed-up my call on someone so out of control, the Department had a better solution: *"the neighborhood association can get rid of people."*

That median at Aberdeen and Mimosa being city property has never mattered with me—I spent a small fortune—5-6 *years—avoiding* Charlotte Reese—wasted, that is, as did the Department, who *coddled* Charlotte Sutton (legal trouble resulted in a sudden name change—it became *"Sutton"* after everyone calling her Reese—also, for many years) the Department finally charging Reese/Sutton with "Disorderly Conduct," as she jumped up and down, screaming at the Department as it *negotiated* with her—*"Go ahead and arrest me! Go ahead and arrest me! Go ahead and arrest me!"* that behavior identical to why I called the Department in the *first* place, June 2013; what she'd been doing since 2006, to be exact, after the Neighborwoods Program. What I told Officer Counts was a simple fact of life for many years at that intersection. As the city knows, Sutton once chased down old people, screaming at them, too; their dog apparently *"Peed on her flowers!!!"* One might say she's into her flowers; what no one necessarily needs to know is that she cares about them a great deal—her obsession, and vitriol, should people get "too near" them, is heartfelt. What no one also needs to know—given its obviousness to nearly not enough, despite its transparency—is that the remainder of that property has always been a cheap excuse to dump on people—a

[1] We saw each other, at Sheetz, W. Market Street, October 18th, 12:20 A.M. As he agreed, an SUV "*cased the place*" cruising Lake Daniel Friday, Saturday—and sometimes Sundays—approx. 10-12 A.M., over the summer—it took me about a month to notice. I told city *several* times—*then* had to submit on online tip!

24/7/365 entertainment center. An obstruction in everyone's way, its intention; an excuse for her to be a terminal menace: a monkey-wrench into society. Sutton could care less of the consequences *"Go ahead and arrest me!"* screams the obvious; an opportunist, she sat in her house for days and weeks on end: long-term suspicions of mine ringing true, when it became "my turn" in 2012—I hadn't been on that median for years—*nor on that side of the street*, and anyone in touch with the slightest knows it has never had a thing to do with *"flowers."* Here, I emphasize how I never intended to be doing any of this. But city has done a fine job of refuting my nearly every statement—and my contributions: City of Greensboro is peppered with tiny people who will go out of their salaries to hook you up—to *"get rid of you."* Once real estate decides you're gone—city mops-up; Lake Daniel's averageness is quite deceiving.

Varying income levels can be found in Lake Daniel—what has become a nation-wide wealth disparity calamity city government is directly responsible for—that's before we get to hidden policies favoring a few, now exposed. A significant portion of Lake Daniel is public space: Lake Daniel Park—one might say I'm familiar with the area, although I was clearly out of touch concerning my surroundings from the day I moved in. If I had known this was going on, I would have said something about it, long ago. As we can see, thanks to the city, a minority—if we allow it—tells the majority how Lake Daniel will *be*—the Department's distance is intentional. The last time I called, November 14th, I waited several hours, the Department leaving within minutes, telling me to *"go to County."* As the city knew, before, however, I can no longer do that; the Officer didn't write-up a report like he said he would—I haven't been denied, entirely—and what has happened, has clearly happened, before; someone else, who I'd hoped to get to others I've taken this information to, who, nonetheless, showed interest—unaware of the Department's involvement, though, who, in fact, began to question it, as well—warned *"Watch out, because they'll gang-up on you."* That information I told the Department about, October 10, 2015, that call involving someone I'd never had a problem with before, who's also tried *"getting rid of me"* those Officers—October 10th—however, apparently unaware—at best, they'd heard of *"some lawsuit"*; there are officers seemingly unconnected—direct participants I will get to—some have been promoted. But it isn't the city's real estate jones that is to blame: it is the majority, who *sits* there, doing *nothing* as we are robbed of the <u>basics</u>—what I never imagined I'd be fighting for—I never imagined I would suffer like this—not right here in the Good 'ol USA! I never imagined this could possibly happen—what I thought I'd only see in black-and-white on PBS. We shouldn't have Black Lives Matter, nor any such movements—not in the year *<u>2016</u>*. Change, should no longer be in *demand*. A minority runs the country, with *help* from

government—the latter has become welfare for those on holiday—while the unfortunates struggle, some in ignorance as broad as their daily struggles are fruitless.

The leisure class takes photos of us "lesser-thans"—broadcasting official untruths to as many as possible—*so as to save someone else*—what Community Watch Gail Barger did to me—what she's done to others, as well, that I have learned, since. Barger is walking risk—a Department-wide albatross—who *strutted* down Mimosa Drive, *happy* with the results: Barger has always lorded herself over me, to let me know she was the cause of great inconvenience—the Greensboro Police Department itself an enabler: *"There's nothing we can do about that!" rewarding* Barger for framing me—bailing her out via WFMYNews2! In truth, however, Barger *ran* from the Greensboro Police Department—apparently a lot faster than Stuart Davis—I nearly immediately dialed *"911"* on Barger and Sutton for intentionally coming over to *bait me into a charge.* Officer Counts soon knew that me and Sutton hated each other—a beef for years, that, most were aware. The Community Watch and Sutton were Served simultaneously, as witnessed from my front door—Barger was mortified to find—clearly for the first time—that the rules also applied to her. The court, deputies, an attorney—some of whom would never *see* her—all knew Sutton's problem—as does Barger, by attending Sutton's first case, why was unclear to me, at the time, not to mention others; one of whom, as indicated, soon afterwards, would also become aggressive. Sutton *remains* the aggressor, but with the Community Perjurer, under oath, shifting blame *"I'm terrified of him and can't go on my daily walk anymore."*
Barger's *"daily walks"* unlike her daily lies, never included Mimosa Drive, or she'd have used her government title to deny Sutton's hatefulness, long before. There are some, to this day, despite all that has happened, who don't even know what Barger looks like. On a sunny, Easter Holiday Weekend, 2012, I got into it with the Queen of Doom: Sutton barreled out of her house, as she'd done plenty, screaming *"You use a bag!"* Wise to her game, I told her to go back inside, and mind her own; Sutton is a proud bigot, and therefore, someone I genuinely loath. She continued to make comments, about what my dog *"did"*—no one needs to know that the dog didn't do *anything*—it being obvious to anyone, at this point—yet it amazingly still isn't, for some—that her grip on reality is *questionable*—she doesn't know what she *"sees."* I cussed her, because she's worthless, telling her to go back inside her house and shut up—as she was with the Department, she refused, *then* left with a veiled-threat *"You can't have that dog, that's rental property!"*

That comment: her goal—*to get to me, one way or another*—a grand finale she'd perfected for years. Several days later, I decided to go to the city about it—that, no one can deny—many have tried; I went to Public Affairs, twice, actually. A *year* later, I called the GPD on the street; Sutton remained hostile, having no idea—nor did the Department—that the city had already notified Sutton, in 2012, after Public Affairs sent my claims to the Department. I have a copy of that 2012 transcript, somewhere. Sutton was still glaring down people as they drove through Lake Daniel, hence, my assumption that the issue had never been addressed—and I was right—it never *was* addressed, and certainly won't be now! The Department was harder on Sutton over the phone than it was, June 2013; Counts and his partner *negotiated* with Sutton for nearly an hour, with Counts returning—the Department doubting me *"This problem doesn't exist, we work this area all the time"* discovering *exactly* what I was talking about, as Sutton flew into a fit right then and there—then stormed off, in *refusal*. If she hadn't done that, the Department would have left. In closing, Counts mentioned *"the neighborhood association"* as a possible remedy; but Sutton will never be held to task, now: some have pointed-out Sutton's wealth—*"Do you know much that car she has costs?"*—money never a factor in my views concerning the situation—more *"people with money"* along with plenty in government ran to her aid—my sheer ignorance in the medium, obviously remains—it has permeated everything—the lowest common denominator trumping all.

If one has *"money"* in Lake Daniel, one gets the Greensboro Police Department—a sweet deal, albeit one not beneficial for everyone, nor is it beneficial for the Department, either—it is safe to say, at this point, that it will never fly right; it appears an ornery child that refuses to join the rest of the class, and therefore, has little authority over the rest of us—respect and authority have always been close. The Greensboro Police Department is preoccupied with a common, finite resource—Jeff @ Kotis Properties—private interests—what most would call corruption—what City Parking Enforcement, told me, among other "insider information"—I'd insisted on pushing the issue: "*This is about people with money—it's just always been that way."* Only one Officer has ever looked into this; I never influenced his thinking, nor pointed out a thing—he drives "040" should Officers be assigned the same vehicles. *"Barger..???"* on a G.S. 50-C was alarming, that I could tell; he also openly questioned her signature—proof of attendance of a "Denied" case. While he wasn't particularly nice, I'll take some yelling in exchange for fair play.
He was the Officer, after calling a superior—Counts, probably—ordered to reprimand me for "*my 911 calls"*—that began exposing what the Greensboro Police Department and the Westerwood

Neighborhood Association have been doing—what both think they will continue to do. "040" is also, however, the Officer who decided within a matter of minutes that my remaining in Lake Daniel Park was legal —he wasn't particularly nice about that, either, but who cares. There were "reports" I was sleeping in the bathrooms, the city discovering, after several calls, that I wasn't. He is your Officer of the Year, not Hinson, who I chewed-out the evening of October 18th, 2014—that reaming legal, or they'd all been bumping into each other to charge me. Hinson told me he would get Barger out of the Community Watch Program—that, he assured me, in front of his charges—then beat feet, but not as fast as Gail Barger did. I haven't seen Hinson, since.

Given the Department fears an almost Council Member, you have to wonder what else spooks them—speaking of which, a Detective, December 2013, told me he'd investigate *"this Baaarger woman"* for *"criminal"* but by lying about it, tells us that nearly the entire Department knows Barger, a sub-par individual I never imagined would have a say in *my* life. I never knew *anyone* could possibly have the slightest control over my affairs—given I was unaware that any portion of the United Flippin' States was *being* controlled. I contributed plenty—just how much *"money"* it takes, a good question —what is the threshold for exception to the rules? How much does Jeff Nimmer have that the rest of us don't have? *"People with money,"* as some agree, don't get to invade my life, no matter how many cops lack stones, although the city has done an excellent job of destroying my credibility—along with my sanity, half the time, its ultimate goal—refuting nearly every syllable I've uttered, even stating at the end of a call made on me, October 10th, 2015, by someone, again, I didn't *know*—who attended what would be called my *"two year-old cases"*—his methods *identical* to October 13th: initiating contact—increasing the pressure—with a female Officer, October 10th, deciding I was *"the problem for many years."* The truth is that I was the one who notified city about Sutton; I'm really guilty of not owning twenty restaurants, although I'm definitely a consumer—cost surrounds me. Someone who attended Gail Barger's case, repeatedly told Dispatch, October 10th, identical to his claims, April 18th, 2015, where I also "threatened" him: *"Alex Walle keeps harassing me! It's Alex Walle! Get here quick!"*

City has yet to get on his case for making bogus calls designed to *"get rid of me"*—what others failed to pull off, he's tried, twice—and given I don't know him, nor did I know where he lived—let's call him "1408 Northfield"; leaving Lake Daniel, April 18th, I saw two loose dogs trotting towards Friendly Avenue—driving back through, looking for them, I saw whoever that hunchback was who'd been coming to *me*; the first time he did so, late December 2014: he kept returning for

what he came for "*Got your plate!"* which began the Bathroom Investigation. As many were aware, I was still in Lake Daniel—many knew why. Given how serious he was about *"Filing a case and we'll let the Judge decide!"*—my losing both of Sutton's, and Barger's, apparently inspired him (one doesn't really "lose" a G.S. 50-C, another fact lost on him, despite his attendance). I figured I'd better call the Department, prior to the arrival of County, either way; all I knew was that he attended those cases—one the Community Watch should have skipped but we must thank her for the tutorial—prior to this, there was no connection between us.

I had no clue who he was, although we know who sent him—I've had people angry with me that I don't even *know*: <u>how the Community Watch Program is used against people.</u> After the Bathroom Investigation—it being beyond obvious who it was who called city, claiming I was "sleeping" in Jeff Nimmer's bathrooms—1408 Northfield *returned.* He ran up, again—identical to what Bicentennial Barger and fellow yokel Kim Maynard tried—hoping to goad me into a charge—identical to last October, the latter having a special twist: people coming to me at all hours, at various times—when I least expected it—to further pressure me—to drive me out of my skull, <u>*entirely*</u>. The second time 1408 Northfield tried what County put a stop to, I told him to man-up and come back—that he'll never do—I'll even write, and have him a sign, a waiver, beforehand—for fairness: who will be held liable. He is as hostile as he is in over his head—on a mission to push my buttons. Driving through Lake Daniel April 18th, looking for the dogs, I saw him walking, and gave him the finger. I was the only one looking for them, Animal Control thanking me for the assistance—my not being a dog person, seeing one loose, though, bothers me all the same—I've stopped everything, trying to catch one, saving a few, as a result; one less than lucky, though, that Animal Control also knows—my giving him the finger and cursing him as I drove through, became *"a threat."* Anything I might do is amped-up—I didn't even tap my brakes, nor roll down a window, when I saw him not far from what I would learn was his address. I saw the law at someone's door, knowing he'd called, which wasn't a problem—he was making some stupid claim—*"to get rid of me."*

The GPD pulled me quick, though—he must have dialed *"911"* the Officer who stopped me knowing nothing of the travesty that has become Lake Daniel; same as the arriving Officers, October 10th, aside from the female officer—a whopping 20-something—what does she know—who floored me with how *I'd* been the problem *"for years."* I was apparently a problem all the way from Public Affairs, too! Such is the browbeating that the Department continued to serve, so as to <u>cover-up</u> what Sutton can't refrain from—my regrets at ever getting involved with the Greensboro Police Department, a redundant topic,

at this point. Covering up my call, *entirely,* has become a poor choice. I thought I wouldn't be believed, at any rate, April 18th—and that I was going to jail. I was checked for *"weapons"* then a background check for the umpteenth time—I have to have acquired a record for *that*, by now, given how many times the Department's checked mine; the financial records of others, however, it already knows—the second arriving Officer, April 18th, however, was aware of the situation in Lake Daniel. As the other Officer ran my lengthy criminal record, I mentioned the comment made by Officer Counts that started all this off, to the second arriving Officer, that soon led to massive legal trouble, not for me, but for *"the neighborhood association."* As the city is fully aware, the Lake Daniel Community Watch and some bozo handy-man—both of whom were also probably *hired* by Sutton—were hammered by the Sheriff's Office. I couldn't believe Barger was served right in front of the Department—she lived nowhere near my front door, but after my living there since 1998, became infatuated with B 415. The Community Bimbo was humiliated in front of her idling law enforcement chums, *who got out and watched her get Served.* Mr. Kim also began coming to me—I'd just *"got rid of"* Battle-Axe—then, <u>exactly like last October,</u> Maynard took off in his work-van *"Call my number, pal!"* County, by that time, had had *enough* of *"the neighborhood association"* assuring me Maynard would be *"the LAST of these people who keep coming to you."* And he was.
Despite my never having done a *thing* to who I've discovered while writing this—is "*John Paul Roy"*—he pulled me, April 18th, 2015, for "*threatening"* him, which the Department learned, was exaggerated; the Department also learned he'd initiated contact.

The Department, as a result, told me they'd go back to Roy; I believe that they did so. What the Department will never do, though, is put the squeeze on someone *still* locking horns over the same, old issue, which would be an inconvenience for everyone but me—it would leave me with plenty of *credibility*—Sutton is celebrating a decade of grief—what is old news. Sutton remains <u>uncontrollable,</u> but worse, for everyone but me, is that I am *right* about nearly everything else, as a result. When I'd return home—I finished college in that apartment—back when life made sense, my never imagining what the future costs of my gullible contributions would get me—I used to go all the way around the garage after parking the car, wearing a path through the ivy. That's what I did to keep the peace, while someone stood on a traffic median and never *left,* nor did they ever leave the area—nor have they ever held a *job,* nor taken a vacation, none of those things necessarily my business, until they scream at an old man, or glare people down who she deems beneath her—it becomes my business, then—as well as anyone else who's interested! My crossing the Mimosa side of the property, when I returned home, would have given

Sutton an excuse to make a comment or whatever she might do—she was there eight months out of twelve, easy; I went *all* the way around the property, which was clearly not far *enough,* given that, even today, others with no connection to me, continue having *conflict*—all over a stupid strip of property, for reasons *children* know. Taking opportunity away by going all the way around the garage, when I arrived home, was one message sent loud and clear: robbing someone with nothing better to do than tell parents how she just so happened to see what their kid was doing while they were out—but one example of how she stirred the pot at every turn—or glared people down as they drove through Lake Daniel, or stopped at that stop sign, then drove around the median—behavior she thought no one would ever figure out—because she is *crazy*. I wasn't the only one who got wise, although it took me much too long, what I told Officer Counts she was still doing—scowling at motorists, and, if successful, claim someone was glaring at *her* which would be partially true, *"planting flowers"* for those born yesterday—a fair amount of the Greensboro Police Department. During the city's 2012 phone call, she'd hoped to get city to come out there: blaming everyone *else*, and that I was harassing her!

Sutton once chased down seniors—with plenty of time to turn around—or call the city, that she never did—simple solutions are not what she's after—nor was she *ever* polite about what people were doing to her "flowers." Sutton pursued them up to two properties away, by the time I got outside to see what all the yelling was about. *Much like those she sent me last October.* Those people pointed out that they didn't even know each other—another perception issue—they were apparently walking close together, by the time I saw it—both finally jumped back into her—a surprise for me, given their age. It's what she's always wanted out of the deal, anyway; I never considered calling the law, given their reaction, but nearly chased her back to *her* property. I'd seen enough, refusing to acknowledge her as a member of the human race—she's nothing more than an animal deserved of a cage for that—her bigotry was also on display—Sutton *continued.*
I told Officer Counts, her pattern over the years was ambush; pursue; *then* leave, robbing the other party of a response, should they respond—I often *didn't,* successfully bringing grief, even *today—yes,* she does. Sutton has more options than she had, before, though, and has exploited them, as well—with assistance from the Greensboro Police Department itself. How twisted is that? And why didn't they *"get rid of me"* before? If the WNA hadn't *existed,* Sutton would have gotten what she's deserved—her "DC" charge, though, makes it difficult for her to go full-tilt—that behavior is diminished—proof that she has some semblance of control—but now, and I thought this might happen, just not so soon; the worst has occurred, although I told the

city that if it left her out there, there'd be trouble one way or another—it's bad form to say I am right, but someone has to say it. She'll always find a way to bring everyone down, someway, somehow—this latest development, though, was something I never imagined possible—I warned the city of its soft approach—giving Sutton a break is like pouring gasoline on a fire. Aside from risk/benefit analysis failure John Paul Roy, other WNA tools will eventually find something better to do, or will simply lack the time and interest in furthering minutiae—my first Republican vote is another deterrent I highly recommend. Sutton, however, will never stop, and has ironically, as a result, brought the house down—she remains in her element—inflicting pain gives her pleasure. It's just that simple; but no one will believe she has nothing personal against me—not exactly. I am simply the last chance she's got for getting everyone going; the WNA, the city, the *bailiff*—everyone gets thrown in the mix, should they allow it. My just being in the area is material enough; like "blogger" Billy Jones, Sutton is a manipulator. He rarely leaves the house, either, instigating fights online—all in the guise of *"real change."* Both have agendas akin to erupting volcanoes.

But not until joining the Westerwood Neighborhood Association—an organization, like the Greensboro Police Department, I didn't pay nearly enough attention to—did Sutton have what the WNA has, what is unattainable for most—what's financially-based, and not what clearly no longer matters—and *certainly* not within the Department: *merit*. Sutton now has status: the *power* to send people to me at around, 4 A.M., 12:45 A.M., 11:10 P.M., and 2:30 A.M.—Sutton would, if possible, hire people to stir the pot in Alaska—it was more than a surprise for some that she landed supporters—but they don't come cheap. Sutton *PAYS* to keep trouble going—people don't seek someone out at Zero Dark Thirty for nothing. Sutton is known to pay well for all sorts of noise; it's how she's roped in suckers. She has, as of late, paid others to "*get my dog."* The driver of that mini-van that returned to me, early October 13th, those vehicles prior to—all several of which, as I told the Department, were clearly connected—they weren't from the area, though, that the Department also surmised; it was impossible for me to catch them—the mini-van, though, after I told him to stop, taunted me "*How's your dog doing?"* that comment rock-solid evidence leading to Charlotte Sutton: that's Sutton's favorite insult, one designed to annoy, and humiliate, although it barely works, and simply paints a picture of her as the trash she'll always be—she's also asked others to ask me the same, for the same. Despite skills akin to Billy Jones, Sutton is also occasionally successful: manipulating people into her craziness. *"How's your dog doing?"* Translation: "*Look where I am, and look where you are. I hope your dog is suffering—I'll get it, one way or another. Just give*

me time." Sutton was angry at me for going to city—ending her favorite pastime—she swore she'd *"get that dog"*—crazy, I know, but that's the point.
Going to the city about a problem is something I don't recommend *anyone* do for *any* reason, no matter *how* simple the solution might be. Here we see what happens should it go South—you'll wish you didn't should *"money"* be around. But I didn't go to County right away, as the Department alluded to. Counts and his partner spent a great deal of time on Sutton; notice they didn't bring up the possibility of her filing papers—I'm 6' 2", 230-some pounds. She clearly isn't, and they never had the chance, anyway—she'd *left,* refusing to listen. *I* wasn't the one jumping into the Department, although they say *exactly* that about me, now! After the Department left, June 2013, Sutton, *from her property,* threatened *"my dog"* accomplishing but the half —"*evicting me, and getting my dog"* she said she would accomplish: I had people coming up to me in the Harris Teeter that I didn't personally know, aware of my Thirty-Day Notice—*how?* Barger attended my first case against Sutton, my expecting to see Sutton, and no one else at the courthouse; what Barger and others were doing there was beyond me, then, and given I haven't heard back yet about exactly who it was who kept coming to me, October 13th, it appears that the City of Kotis Properties plans on crucifying me—all under the guise of "the law." I am collateral damage, here. But the people I really blame are those who knew of this, before, as well as some, now —where are their heads at? How do they sleep at night knowing some working-stiff is *doomed*—for we see *"who"* gets *"rid of"* whom.

Gwen Carter—prior to being stunned over my Thirty-Day Notice—begged me off with *"Jeff Nimmer"* being my *"contact person"*; she'd tiring of hearing of Sutton—given she was still there, Carter assumed she couldn't have been all that bad. I'd asked Carter if she was hearing anything; Barger and Sutton's photo-op—with me in the background—was a success, as it still occasionally is. Just imagine the latest. Sgt. Patterson, however, was no Public Affairs, telling me my Notice *"wasn't a criminal offense."* Carter was one of the few with the city who intervened on my behalf. Sgt. Patterson, now a crooked Lieutenant, wasn't shocked, strangely enough—quite unlike someone chasing people down while screaming bloody murder—my Notice was "nothing illegal." I asked Patterson about Kim Maynard, and why, all of a sudden, the Department wasn't going after him like the cheap hoods it's run off, before—there was no difference between them and Gail Zimmerman. He told me if Maynard returned, they'd come get him. But Maynard cannot be separated—I went to GPDHQ *straight* from the courthouse—giving Patterson my cell number, showing him Sutton and Barger's paperwork. I'd begun carrying that paperwork anytime I left the property—aware I was already getting stiffed.

Thanks to my new fan club, I was now walking *"the dog"* and my G.S. 50-C's—I knew someone would try something dumb, but my paperwork with me would keep the Department productive. As Public Affairs knows, I went *straight* to GPDHQ from the courthouse; during my appointment, Patterson tried sizing me up—why, was unclear, although it became obvious, later—there was no way Patterson knew I was coming over, although he knew long ago what I was about to find out. There's been someone else since, in the media, who's claimed going to the city resulted in intimidation; I normally wouldn't have believed that—I now believe all kinds of things that may never be proven.

Patterson's ridiculousness failed; excuses about city's favorite Duke Energy Customer filled the air. So enraged was I at the Community Busybody, Patterson was about to arrest me on the spot; returning home was now a problem: Community Shutterbug had given false testimony against me—in front of others—walking out like it was Starbuck's.

Going to someone about what was going on out there was urgent; one misunderstanding was all that needed to happen. Patterson, however, earned his keep—Officer Winfield was sent to *"get rid of me"* permanently, mumbling over his body-cam—how the city kicks the can down the road—his take on Sutton: *"There are some people no one can do anything with"* or something very near to that effect; Kim Maynard, to him, was simply some inconsequential person *"with a girl's name*" then, later, during an interrogation session—one but a few strides from where I spent the majority of my adult working life—Maynard had *"moved to South Carolina."* As all know, Maynard and the Community Fabricator are directly connected, given the former's work-van can still be seen online. Maynard, who didn't come to me to split a six-pack, nor can I trust the Greensboro Police Department to tell me his true whereabouts—Maynard lived in Lake Daniel, across from Childcare Network, all along. Given how long I've lived in Lake Daniel, I drove past Maynard's plenty; once you get totaled from behind like I did on Wendover, you will time a left, and keep going, if necessary—I sometimes still lose my nerve, despite that right taking place in the late 90's. Maynard's fence was partially bent back—it wasn't like that, before. Two weeks after what the Department would begin to call *"my two year-old cases*"—cases the Department schmoozes through whenever it damn well pleases—I saw Kim Maynard and Barger, talking, on property, I would find, was right across from Maynard's address. I figured he must live somewhere in Lake Daniel, then, when I saw them there; given he never obsessed over "*my grass"* before—nor did he ever go to the offices of Wrenn-Zealy Properties—no emails, either, did he send—that's 17 years of *"grass-mowing"* opportunity lost—I thought he must live on South

Mendenhall—where there is no through traffic—or maybe way out in Kernersville.

Mr. To-Do Lists—the same as Gail *"I was so terrified I brought someone he couldn't stand over to the property in broad daylight after the Sheriff left"* Barger—also didn't frequent Mimosa Drive. Driving back through Hillcrest Drive, I saw Maynard's van—you could not, however, before, see that decal, not until that fence was peeled back—prior to that, all you could see was the nose. That bent-back fence made a Gail Barger out of me: I'd told the Sheriff's Office I had no idea of his address—and later, why. If I'd known, I would have written it on his G.S. 50-C—it was no longer necessary for me to go into their offices. Additional garbage Winfield stacked—we'd have several "talks" and my newfound status is nowhere near the Scales Brothers'—was that Barger *"ran because she had to go to the bathroom."* With an assortment of toilets she had to choose from near my place—Barger ran "all the way home," instead—"making it." City doesn't want anyone knowing that the Community Diaper really pooped herself right in front of the Department—*caught* bringing Sutton over as close as both could legally get by County. Their second fail became Sutton's "Motion for Cause." The court never doubted Sutton's actions, given Judge Alloway, who never *saw* her, immediately said: *"this woman is an example of our broken mental health system."* Similar to last October, failed, although it did anger me; my assumption was that Barger was unaware that Sutton had papers on her, and wasn't supposed to be coming over. Sutton, given her false testimony during *both* cases, is also a dream weaver. With the Community Wanderer *present and accounted for,* Sutton even claimed I attempted to sexually assault her, while she—what else—"planted flowers." Sutton and Barger high-fived each other like immature idiots switching places on the stand—idiots certain of something that we know.

I gave Officer Winfield the sweet update: Sutton continues pursuing others, which was actually a surprise to hear, given all that has happened. She'd have gotten away with it, had she played it cool—she *can't.* The people who came to me angry about Sutton were way down in Lake Daniel Park when she got on them about keeping their dogs away from her flowers—they didn't like that. I gave them Gwen Carter's Public Affairs card, although that would now be a waste of their time, and will only frustrate them—given her municipal promotion, they'll probably just have to find another way around, like I did, until she croaks—only then will there be peace. They'll have to make efforts to get along that will tank. Although I didn't immediately know it, the GPD allowed Sutton to join the *"ridding-of team"* but it had no choice but to do so—she'd be *"upset"* from city property were she to have been excluded. What's really crazy about all of this, is

that it's nearly all up to me. The Department allowing Sutton to deploy attachments is a win-win—allowing her to get to me will definitely get to me—and especially *"the dog."* The Officer who charged Sutton immediately saw what took me much too long to arrive at *"She's a worthless person with nothing better to do!"* Winfield, "discovering" I was still in Lake Daniel, *also immediately mumbled that fact.* But like the Community Narcissistic Personality Disorder—whose smug confidence is borne of fat connections in the Greensboro Police Department—Sutton's on her own plan, now. She's joined what someone coined *"the small club!"* The Community Cancer could have easily sent an email or made a phone call to slam me—I'm sure she has—but she handed out little pieces of paper—*hiring surveillance.* Barger made sure I saw those exchanges she could have just as easily made when I wasn't there—then "ran away"—a "demo," that is, by now, old hat; Barger also hung around where I was, to provoke me—what is a part-time job—when I was outside my vehicle—someone else probably had a camera-phone: *"Here's that terrible man who did those terrible things to that poor woman planting flowers—see how she runs? What are we to DO with him?"* The Community Sleaze "victimized" Ms. Elder Abuse, who's now a "hug-giving Saint"—I should have expected that—but never did I think the Greensboro Police Department would bail-out Sutton, too!

Reese snapping at people, though, is actually nothing new with Sutton. Some may be unsurprised of an irrational history. When Sutton first moved there, she became enraged at the mailman; he'd dropped her mail in the slot in her door—as he'd been carelessly doing for years—mail her dog chewed-up. He, however, was to blame for it all—she was genuinely angry. Sutton used to never walk her dog, but let him run all over, while she was inside her house—back then, like now, you hardly ever saw her outside; there was an incident between her dog, and a vehicle, the vehicle being a moving one—her dog ran into it, as someone drove through Mimosa Drive. The driver, however, was at fault, not the uninjured dog and certainly not Sutton—she was serious about that, too. A fixation on other people's relationships was her biggest hang-up—something others also picked-up on right away, before anything else. Given some bedrooms were out of sight, it was impossible for her to know whose relationship was on the skids; according to Sutton, however, no one would be together much longer. Such observations were—and remain—a perception issue; she thinks she knows, and sees things, when who sees what she knows. Her "flowers" are no different. Her evolutionary supremacy became information overload: I was out of there—unable to hold a job bagging groceries, only she would be insane enough to think it impossible for others to possess marketable skills.

It wasn't until after the Neighborwoods Program, though, that she decided to bump her game up; Sutton won't be seen in the Lake Daniel Neighborwoods Program photos the city posted. I, however, am in them, although I didn't know that, at the time—I was preoccupied with having a life; a white Buick Skylark I donated to California makes a right at a stop sign. The Neighborwoods Program is ancient history, as far as I'm concerned; Sarah Healy with PIRT immediately threw me a link: stiffing me 9 years later—the Pig Pounder was but a twinkle in someone's eye. I've mentioned before, how someone with a Master's in Physics told me what I was out to lunch on—I didn't think he wasted a minute on city. He was as right as he could be concerning this dilemma: *"The City works through connections—lots and lots of connections. That is how they work."*

I was unaware that what was the Neighborwoods Program was city-sponsored—being at work, that day, kept me uninformed—it will be the last time government steps its foot in my life, that I can assure you. Over the years, it was clear that Sutton must have been sitting inside her house for long periods—given she rarely left home—not to mention the latest—sitting inside her house plotting sorrow is *all* that she does. She doesn't dominate that space, anymore, which is unlike her—there is no longer any reason for her to. She can no longer use it as a cover for treating others, however, whenever. Finding the Neighborwoods Program—in 2014—it hit me: Sutton saw all those people out there having a good time—she'd put a stop to that, but keeping it going as long as possible was key. That was easy enough: she'd "*plant flowers.*" Sutton usually destroyed her work; an unbelievable fight involving seniors got my attention, one might say—I began to watch more closely. Sutton destroyed everything—soon afterwards, again: that told me all I needed to know; she clearly enjoyed her work alright. I suspected she was fully aware that those people weren't from the area. If I had ever seen them, again, even once, they would have accompanied me to the courthouse, of that there is no doubt—even years later. Winfield amazingly asked me why I didn't call the law *"that day"*: watching someone jump into their betters was the beginning of the end of *my* living in Lake Daniel.

Sutton denied yelling at anyone—after snapping into Judge Falls during roll call *"It never was 'Reese!'"* Sutton also went off during her first Serving—I'd just arrived home, after making one stop on the way back from the courthouse. She yelled at me, shaking her papers, from across the street—right in front of the Deputy—while I was, again, going all the way around the garage after I got out of what I would soon be making a statement with. Prior to her second Serving, another Deputy asked of *"mental issues."* And that median didn't look like it looks now—not on your life—it never looked that way, before. It

is an advertisement—against me. Sutton has planted that same flowerbed an untold number of times; she, at some point, will destroy them—then start all over, which doesn't make much sense—it isn't going to. Persons unaware of her hobby were stunned as she threw everything in the trash. Crossing Benjamin Parkway—I often told persons there, the reason for my new route—such were the lengths I went to—as Officer Counts mentioned the Department was interested in keeping between us—*"the peace."* As far as the *"neighborhood association"* goes, though, the Department isn't interested in harmony; hierarchy must be maintained. The New York Times tells us it isn't interested in improving communities, and given this, isn't interested in furthering public relations, either—image isn't exactly on its bucket list, given the number aware of events.
I described Sutton's "*suspicious activity*": yelling at people; destroying all her work, etc.,. The GPD told me they knew people who destroyed all their work, too, and that some like to be called something else. Will the Department ever catch on? It's well-versed: Officer Winfield claimed, after I asked what he thought might be the root cause of Sutton's behavior: *"I worked in a chemistry lab before this, we don't arrive at conclusions until we know something for sure."* I've heard better sludge from people who ran out of gas on the way to the hospital for their daughter's terminal cancer. Winfield, who is barely worth a mention, and I apologize for anyone suffering the following, attempted to be my pal—the baby-faced, John Candy of the Department was sent to bond with me—something he probably volunteered for to get promoted. Jeff Nimmer had some dirty work to do while he was away. Winfield also gave my mother the run-around —*"long distance"*—he doesn't cut corners. I've filled her in, since: how I immediately took this to GPDHQ. Winfield abused her natural trust as an Officer of the Law; it's taken nearly an act of Congress for me to convince her that the Department would much rather see me dead than suffer another scandal. The Department would like to see exactly that. Winfield's approach, though, is actually, well, uniform—he doesn't respect anyone. Up front with the Department as I often am—people tell me I'm "candid"—I told Winfield that I'd already taken this to the Reverend Nelson Johnson; he told me that might not have been my best move *"He has a lot of strange ideas."* Such responses are taunts; veiled concerns: *"There's nothing you can do about this. We can grease you at any time. We can do what we want out here and no one will care. We're going to 'get rid of you.'"*

And here, my "stellar" track record for "activism:" I did not nearly enough discovering a racially motivated hazing at Fort A.P. Hill on someone smaller, and lesser in rank, although I did intervene; I was told what was going on out there wasn't my business, and to go back inside—I didn't immediately leave. I did nearly not enough, as well,

while working for a bottled water company, whose new machines from China had an industrial flavor no one could exactly specify; they should have been cleaned more thoroughly before distribution, but, of course, they weren't. The company, amazingly, blamed its flagship product—*"a bad batch of water"*—instead of what may have been just some resin. I can name plenty of times when I didn't do, or say enough, not to mention things I wished I hadn't done, that I realized later, were as wrong as could be—a stage the Department has yet to reach, and I believe it never will. It's knowingly furthered its public trust problem, here. It *knows* what it's doing is wrong—and that's before its broad, legal aspects. It is aware that I don't have a problem with everyone so employed, but has already promoted me as one of those hostile to its very existence—I'm not at the stage others are, yet—I've read that some actually fear the Department—I am currently permanently skeptical. I have little to lose by running my yap, then—saying nothing assists these things—although there are some just as aware and angry as I am, it is *nothing* short of a tragedy that I am the only one in Lake Daniel bringing this to others. What happened to the United States? There are those working full-time with kids; there are plenty others, though, who watched the city *force* me out of Lake Daniel. Google Earth tells us new "No Parking After Hours" signs are per me—they weren't there, before; more than a few persons know the estimates involved in *"getting rid of me."* I guess I should be flattered. Apathy is our State of the Union, nowadays—the United States has a bleak future, as a result, or at least in "it's just the way it is" Lake Daniel.

This involves younger people who will develop habits of mind should we allow them—and let's not forget the old who watched the 1960's return. For every camera-phone there are those who will walk *right* on by. If I had known what was going on in Lake Daniel Park, I would have at *least* watched. Discovering this racket, I instinctively knew that no one would put up with it. But this is a lesson in people, as well as a lesson in something most persons shouldn't have; there are those who will throw you a cinderblock as you are drowning. Some of the bills I've paid, lately, are the highest I've ever seen; I was gouged, outright, several times. There were also some, though, who gave me a heads-up on the latest WNA plot; as well as those who gave me cash, which was bizarre. I had a Hispanic woman in a SUV with three kids, pull over, and ask if I needed money—the modern version of the Virgin of Guadalupe. I've encountered types I wasn't formerly aware existed on this *Earth*; what isn't new, however, is how some become after taking the world's worst drug—one always in need of high regulation: Sgt. Patterson should have never been given Power; nor Scott; Hinson; Jim Westmoreland; the Mayor, and definitely not Gail Barger, the latter's connected to the former—Barger's slammed others with identical aplomb, winning herself an assortment of

enemies—many, unsurprisingly, more intelligent and cultured than she'll ever be. Accomplished people annoy her; we remain a natural threat—once everyone finds out what a fraud she is, what will she become then? I used to be an infantry squad leader, and never made anyone pucker-up.

Checks and balances are vital—our best Drill Instructor got canned in front of everyone, some of whom wouldn't even graduate from Parris Island, although no one knew that, yet. Given claims to the contrary I'm aware of—I was there; it was impossible for me then, to consider the effect it may have had on Sgt. Word, as he left the barracks, permanently. What happened between him and Private Jackman I'll probably never know. And I might have found out, had I had some sense; our new platoon sergeant in K 3/2 was a Drill Instructor from a building over while I was a recruit in Third Battalion. What was happening in Lake Daniel had me scrambling for sanity—watching this unfold, I realized how wrong I'd been—my straight Dem ticket I'd like to take back. I was clueless for approximately 5,500 days, although the longer this goes on the more sense it makes, oddly enough. I had to go way back, though, realizing, that while Boot Camp was as promised, we were treated fairly. Hygiene inspections by a Platoon Commander ensured there was no abuse—that no one was injured, intentionally, or accidentally, and too afraid to tell anyone—you can't teach someone skills, while uselessly brutalizing them. It was, I dare say, a controlled environment, but, more importantly—what wasn't lost on me, then, or now—was that we had competent leaders everyone could *trust*. I'm sure, though, as it probably was with Sgt. Word, fanatics occasionally went too far—some Staff NCO's took it seriously. They didn't want you in their ranks. But never did I see anyone struck; most Drill Instructors didn't even swear. Staff Sergeant Johnson never did. An accomplished martial artist, Johnson believed his fight record was a secret—he spit-shined his own boots, pressed his own uniforms—standards higher than Command, who he carefully, openly, disdained. He made us leave everything looking better than it was before we got there. Professor Mark Gottsegen was another highly influential person, for me, but not for everyone. You could trust that, although Gottsegen might snap—he yelled often, turning off plenty—identical to Johnson, though, you'd learn something if you paid attention—both used approaches that made *everything* clear.

I did well in Gottsegen's classes, and wasn't the only one with this secret. I did very little thinking—following instructions was all that was necessary. People who didn't follow instructions had an avoidable hard time—some simply couldn't. I am one of a minority who still swear by him; reading some of his writings—I couldn't believe that he died—I found that, he, too, had trouble with plain

English. I've had the biggest problem, myself, communicating *simplicity*—people paid Gottsegen to learn specific skills, yet, after thirty years of teaching, he'd *"hoped"* the message got through. I shouldn't have to point out a thing, here, either, yet constantly do—the concepts are unoriginal. I also shouldn't have to bring this to anyone else—only a few in Lake Daniel feel so inclined. Nearly no one, despite the large number fluent, feels that strongly about what is institutional misery; I leave the "flowery concepts" for those who not only get it, but are ahead of me—there are some. Johnson nor Gottsegen weren't out to make friends—both were people I assumed were running the world; they had standards—not your Winfield's or Barger's. It makes little sense to raise a family in an area dominated by flakes. This is why GWOT Vets do themselves in; they return to find Winfield and Barger "in charge"—an excellent reason for checking out. The Department circling the wagons around Barger has never made much sense—aside from its Good Old Boy aspect—what is called "fraternization."

Winfield asked if I attended Preservation Greensboro; I told him what he already knew. He asked why; I told him it was one of those things I never paid attention to that might have cost me (I had to look up when it was—the Department's desperation, however, *current*). I told him who he personally knew—who he was currently working with to nail me on something—showed-up, later, but she didn't socialize like everyone else; Barger *glared me down*—and that is *all* that she did. My just being somewhere, or giving someone the finger—all become capital offenses—habits no one paid any attention to, before; any defense I might have, however, bites the dust—I'm supposed to leave town. Barger is an unhealthy attachment to the Greensboro Police Department, whose standards could use some ethics. Winfield told me he didn't want to see me at National Night Out, 2015; I didn't know exactly when it was, anyway, given I've only attended twice, the entire time I was made aware of its *existence*, after moving to Greensboro in 1996. I never thought much of whether the Gate City was either a good, or bad, place to live—city, though, will go into overtime should you cross the Tighty Whiteys. Participatory Budgeting didn't bolt the doors and shut the blinds on me although there was a government camera—in my favor, that time; I attended PB, for the same—to see how it all worked. There wasn't much to see, there, either, although it was some consolation in discovering that some believed that the city was interested in their welfare; how such a notion was sold was the only oddity: some public money is up for the public's discretion.

I told the Department, October 13th, that I would have jumped off a parking deck, given I never knew *anyone* <u>owned</u> Lake Daniel—living

free appears an antiquated idea. I was unaware there was a hierarchy I'd have to be "wary of" wherever I went—given the majority reaction, this has got to be taking place, elsewhere. Going to the city about a problem that had nothing to do with *"Jeff Nimmer," "Jeff Nimmer"* was soon all I heard about; Gwen Carter was shocked to hear that two of Nimmer's people ran afoul of "the other law." Nimmer is Contemporary America; the city is privatizing Lake Daniel —its surveillance and control is bi-cameral. This is also how Kotis Properties does business.

Winfield told me that city only gets involved when people might harm themselves—another "policy" violation—at 2:30 A.M. The Department knows what the country is going through—all know the psychological effects when institutions behave in the exact opposite manner of what people are accustomed to, or expected. I was unaware of the Department's history, aside from its occasionally not following through—this information many didn't know. During our third session, Winfield broke me what he'd planned on telling me along: I've seen plenty of cheap tyrants in the workplace. There were *"Complaints that I wasn't moving my vehicle"* from who, wasn't specified: I'd be towed-off if I didn't leave altogether—profanities borne of two years Sea Service came his way—he seemed unaccustomed to such a barrage, jumping when I told him I wasn't Jeff Nimmer so couldn't afford to fix my car and buy him at the same time. That was exactly the reaction they'd been looking for, anyway—our first three conversations were my being seated; I told Winfield the Park Rules were missing—I lived across from them before their existence. City was hoping to get a "DC" charge out of me—wonder where Sutton's went—the Rich Crackers Club, via John Paul Roy, also poured it on: *"Keep on going down there—he's already agitated, and will eventually lose it—we'll watch from here, take pictures, and will call the minute he's all over you. We'll post them online like we've done with other people—don't worry, you'll be both compensated and celebrated."* Winfield's additional no-brainers included his not *"normally working the area"*; those who "normally did," can be found on city Web Pages—a few clicks away from Jeff Nimmer and Friends. Winfield is the worst the Department has to offer—just imagine who sent him—he was but a blowhard, unsure of himself, who folded in the end like I knew he would. He—finally—set me up—then bounced, per script—after "working me up"—his Super filming the results via *his* body-cam: *"You're always like this with us."*

Like some, I didn't really want WNA Newsletters on my doorstep, but the person dropping them off at the time were people I've never had a problem with—I was entirely unaware of my gross unimportance, as I read, and tossed them—I didn't know who half those silly people were —or *where* they were. I was, admittedly, trying to *"get rid of"*

Charlotte Reese. Notifying the city was partial success; thanks to her. The problem was personal—and even more so, now—but also one that affected other people I thought someone should know about; someone was going to jail out there, one day—and, as I suspected, probably the wrong person—they certainly will be now. I now have *another* issue that grinds me—one that others should *definitely* know about—and will. Many since have asked *"What call?"* the Department's covered-up; others are fully aware, however, where that call got me. The GPD is being compensated—no organization risks its neck without something worthwhile—a surefire guarantee—given the city can't stop talking about *"money"* that must be it—someone's getting paid, somewhere. The public, however, funds promotions and new equipment—that make it easier to *"get rid of people."* What's uncovered is a local custom, an engrained practice—I'd never heard of this "ridding of" stuff in my *life.* Sutton *took* that median, albeit many years ago; back then, I had no idea if it was city, or county property, given I couldn't have found neither, if you sent me there. I had little idea of what either did, believing neither had much to do with my life. I never took note of Community Watch Signs, either, but now understand others' fear of government—none of us should be spending this much time on government, in the first place—it should have a minimal impact in our lives, and *psyches.*
The Community Exasperator can send an email or make a phone call—Barger could cost me a job—that's the idea. City PIRT never answered my queries concerning who exactly is in charge of the CW Program, as well as who's been the CW in Lake Daniel since 1998—and we'll never know who the Lake Daniel Secret CW is, now—it will never be some lowly tenant, that we know. It is the majority, however, that's convinced me I am way off: the crippling lack of concern is correct by default—a thirty-year old in real estate is the decider. Guilty parties were not only left unaccountable—they've *prospered.* Destroying tenants is a cottage industry; "people like me" will embolden private interests.

Others I still know who moved—also well aware, that, if I'd filed a hundred cases, she'd show for every single one—noted long ago that Sutton couldn't keep people away from that property, as it was city property. I would soon regret my response: *"She's crazy, anyway. It's not going to be a big deal."* I had people—despite "flowers"—tell me over the years that they *"wouldn't live"* where I was living. I told them—past tense that would fail miserably—that getting along was child's play. I didn't live on that side of the property, anyway, so rarely saw her; I also made sure no further contact occurred, which worked, for a good, long time. Scaring most away—she'd posted "dog urine warning signs "—Sutton then felt she had *power.* She was no longer restricted to kicking around mere service workers—the results

of, uh, “possession” was that she felt glaring people down and other behavior was her right. I told her to get lost, but who was I to say that?

I wasn’t alone in noticing exactly who got the receiving end, but more importantly, who didn’t; someone else also aware—many knew, with the Community Witch, *unaware, as she remains today*—mentioned *”You’ll notice she’s never screamed at the ‘ladies’ of the neighborhood.”* Sutton, did, however, attack the Greatest Generation—when their back was turned, another plus. Us “regulars” always came in great numbers, either way: “*renters”*; “the dishwasher guy” heard all the way from my place; then some war over trash pick-up—the mundane taken as far as possible—a hateful way of making others defer. Taking my trash out, one morning, she was in the middle of the street, jumping up and down, screaming at the trash truck *“Get my cans first!!!”* Given the noise, they couldn’t even hear her. And I’d often forgotten this, given how long ago it was: two guys in a pick-up truck kept coming back. She repeatedly made them “fix” whatever they did—that was back when I was dumb—she was just getting started—if they hadn’t come back time and again, I wouldn’t have noticed, nor even remembered it. She continued losing it—what was going *on* out there? Sutton essentially moved her property line over.

Winfield *”did his job”* by informing me of my upcoming exile; outright discrimination beyond obvious, here. I hate GPD Command for the tactics it’s used—tried-and-true pressure-cookers, plus interrogations designed to talk me into, or more accurately, out of something, at the scene, or otherwise—rewards for my best years—I don’t get another best years. Many benefitted from my living there; many, therefore, *owe* me—and there’s no reason anyone else should suffer this—there’s no *way* I’ll allow Sutton to make decisions affecting another working person. She’ll be “calling landlords” all the time, now *“Well, I thought I would just let you know about the dog…”* I was told, October 13th, mentioning as much, that I *“had to be careful with who I got involved with.”* Don’t I know it! I told Winfield to boot Sutton off the median, then—my claims are rock-solid.
Exactly which household was embroiled in her latest I directed him to—those people, like others, were nowhere *near* her *“flowers.”* But Winfield didn’t *“do his job”* by citing Sutton, nor did he investigate *their ”complaints.”* No, Winfield didn’t do any of that; the Department, botching simplicity, but despite my being the only one with claims to the contrary, told me it *“asked neighbors”* and the like about what Sutton had been planning from inside her house, from great distances—it, therefore, investigated, some Officers knowing zilch about those *impeding* on her behalf to discredit me—*her hostility a tell-all for anyone flunking the Academy one would think.* Winfield

told me he could make me move my vehicle every Four Hours, something no one who plays sports in Lake Daniel, ever does—people still party “After Hours” as they always have in Lake Daniel Park; moving my vehicle every week, per *”the law”*—he originally told me city wouldn’t hold me to; then—my tags—what—were now up for grabs—*despite their not being expired yet and wouldn’t be for some time*. Winfield, after telling me I was *“too good to be living this way”* jerked my chain on legal information he brought up, or withheld—escalating the already problematic situation. Winfield *collaborated* with Sutton, who, he claimed, was *“trying to make peace with me.”* After the peace-bait failed, Winfield changed story-time *”She’s terrified and can’t come out of the house because you’re still in the area.”* Problem is, sodas left on the median, didn’t work—telling me her dog *“died”* and how mine was doing also bombed—as the city knows, Sutton also paid someone to ask the same last October. Winfield also claimed that Medusa was eager to “make amends.”

He offered to have Barger come to Lake Daniel Park. My lack of interest—disgust, rather—made me the bad guy—he knew what my answer would be—but bad dye jobs with “bowel issues” have never been much fun. My “*rejections*” made me what Reese remains—impossible. Knowing my call was legitimate, the Department’s made *me* out to be the problem—gender helps—but it’s not my fault Officer Counts saw the obvious; if I’d called when Sutton yelled at seniors I’d have been evicted, long before—I would have never seen it coming, then. Sutton hoped to keep the pot stirred: I’d been *“stalking her in the mornings”* when there was actually a lull in the action. Although I’d noticed it, a GPD cruiser sat in the cul-de-sac they’ve sat in before—I didn’t know why, though, until returning home. Hearing a bunch of flim-flam, I looked outside—no surprise. She’d had the Department watching me *“He’s in there! He’s in there! He went inside!”* Whoever the Officer was kept on driving—I’d had my paperwork with me, then, too—open-carry, you never know. I no longer have people all in my business—J. P. Roy no longer sticks his Master’s Degree into the Men’s Room, then runs away like a drop-out. He’s *”terrified”* too, but “peeping” cancels his County plans. By the time I got outside to see who the meat-gazer was, Roy was running down Mimosa Drive—baiting me to the “kill-zone.” Glaucoma sufferers know there are cameras at Mimosa and Aberdeen, and have been for some time—guess who’s the star of the show? Anytime I’m in Lake Daniel, Sutton usually leaves the house—a rarity. There was a bike leaning against the missing Park Rules, with no chain, for a few weeks, and one has to understand, if they don’t already, that there are those—Roy the Biggest Loser—who have no lives whatsoever. You have to feel for their wives; and the occasional tortoise. Those persons now include shifty 20-something’s, *hired* by Sutton—all of whom have ties to the

Greensboro Police Department who I was really boiling at every time they baited me. Winfield conspired with Reese —both losers tried talking me into all sorts of legal binds.
Enclosed is an email I sent to the city, October 12th; it went through the hands of many—but not Crime Scene Investigation, October 13th. Written is the tag number of the mini-van who returned for another try—"PWN-9303"—the Department doesn't plan on looking into what was one of several vehicles—that knew who I was, and why I was there—every time I arrived across from Faithway Baptist Church. The Department once asked, when I was in Lake Daniel, if I knew someone who also lived in their car, right across from Faithway Baptist Church. Of course, I told them no, and I really didn't know that, although it's been clear to me—as well as everyone, by now—what Sutton's fate would have been were she to have come flying out of Apartment B—going bonkers on *"people with money"* over *their* property would have clogged the "E-Mail Alert System."

Winfield's parting shots—while those mentioned plenty, walked up and down Mimosa, simultaneously—a scenario designed to infuriate me: *"We can tell you think we're out to get you."* Winfield also claimed—denying my long-term residency, as well as my future—although I do have a useless piece of paper to show for both—was that I was an *"activist with a problem with the Establishment."* The mentally ill—who meets the criteria: race and wealth—now *hangs out* with the Greensboro Police Department during National Night Out. Life has served me a cruel turn—it appears I'll never *"get rid of"* Charlotte Reese—who remains a problem at this moment. Last October's sortie wasn't the first, though, although it appears to be the last: not long after *"my cases"* a larger number of vehicles—much nicer than those last October—drove up and down Mimosa Drive, for about twenty minutes. Little did I know then, what I know now: Reese and the Greensboro Police Department were involved. The minute I would've stepped onto the road, someone would have cried *"911"*; what these people want from me, sometimes, isn't immediately clear. I could see them turning around—this was at night, about 11 o' clock—taillights in the cul-de-sac of Westover Terrace, as well as turning around after crossing Fairmont Bridge. They eventually all went away, disappointed I would imagine. It's quite amazing that something like this could happen in the United States—but we have Reality Television for a reason. I've been informed by most that this "ridding of" stuff was "normal"; something I should have known, long ago—what I should have *"accepted"* if I had any sense, and by not doing so—well, I was only bringing it on myself. The first vehicle that idled behind me, then took off—what would continue until October, although I wouldn't know that, yet—sits in Kay Swofford's driveway; I

don’t know the WNA Treasurer, but she knows me—I am probably a screen-saver, somewhere.

Returning from downtown, on foot, not that long ago, I’d decided to return the long way around, that time—avoiding the Crazy Dirt Lady, who was, possibly, again, loitering outside, for but one reason. From up the street, I saw that she was—she wasn’t “planting flowers” when I left. These people, and especially Sutton, who has never had a life, call each other, as I leave, and return—something else that’s never happened, before. Swofford was waving, and smiling at me from her property as I avoided scum; all that got me was more. I thought Swofford was waving at someone behind me, given she never waved for 17 years—but she wasn’t: she, too, just so happened to be outside. I didn’t return what really meant: *“We are the people who are ruining and destroying you. We will make your life a living hell until you leave—we’ll ‘file complaints.’ We have money—with city’s help, we will push you until you snap—we’ll really have you, then.”*
Rising around 8 o’ clock, September 14th, I heard an engine behind me; the Department knows the date—and probably the repair—one of its under-covers hit me up at Firestone, as I was dropping my car off. Given a wackjob slipped through, the chances of the Department having trouble *“finding the Coliseum”* seems probable; one encounter took place at Edward McKay’s—a smiling dummy walked right-up, asking where Rice Toyota was—he didn’t leave in a Toyota, nor was he much of a reader. I’ve already mentioned, though, the number of people with nothing better to do. I got out when I heard an engine behind me, September 14th, but only got a partial tag from what’s parked at Kay Swofford’s. Whoever the driver was also took off like last October; I’d moved to Zone 1 Parking, at the end of Mimosa, after city put as much pressure on me as illegally possible. I couldn’t afford the apparent impound, so boxed myself out. I was unaware, though, that that Volvo wanted me to give chase; I thought they were calling the city to have me towed off, given I’d been there awhile, and wasn’t supposed to be. I’d planned on having it towed that morning, as a result. I was in Zone 1 Parking for several days—expecting every time I returned, not to see my car there. There was little I could do about it, at the time, so I continued dropping property values; I was, again—although I wouldn’t realize that until later—supposed to “give chase”—speeding right through a certain intersection!

The city will come up with excuses for Swofford, too—reinforced egos know that the Greensboro Police Department will bail them out of any mishaps. Parking Enforcement, who’d been coming through Lake Daniel for years was the one who initiated the call made by 407 that went nowhere when the Department arrived—the *“people with money”* bit, followed his circling my ride in his Jeep. After disclosing

the sad financial news, he returned, for a spell, secretly violating an agreement between him and Jeff Nimmer: *"I was telling my wife—you seem a smart guy—you have ideas—what the hell are you doing here? Forget these people—it's not worth it. Do you know how much is wrong with city government? Matt Brown, for example, has bamboozled everyone with his excessive salary—the Coliseum has never turned a profit."* When I told him I was a veteran, and the Community Airhead was what the world can do without, he taunted *"First Gulf War?"*—the answer was, yes, it's been awhile, the point being I wasn't the one sitting inside my place for years sewing sadness—unlike those found in the City's Search Engine, I went out of my way to avoid trouble, actually—I am, however, terrible with tools, so will never be a *"handy-man with a girl's name."* Looking for the dogs, last April, I was told *"Gail Barger's usually out of town."* Barger still knows not of what goes on at Aberdeen and Mimosa—nor that I was still in Lake Daniel Park! Jeff Nimmer sleeps well, too—wherever he might be—while his public security detail holds down the fort. I had no idea who *"Jeff Nimmer"* was, until I went to the city—*and when it came to me*—which still told me little—looking him up… Well, *I should have known.* Given Superboy's busy circling the planet, I could never hold Mr. Micro Brew liable—city would bail-out Nimmer if I filed suit—the WNA would also suddenly have a new President! I've gotten far, despite my being the only one doing this—just imagine what could have been accomplished were two people in Lake Daniel had spoken up. The city also knows—and is why it keeps suggesting it with a smile—that *"going to County"* won me a "psyche file" at the courthouse. County thinks I went "G.S. 50-C crazy" on *"all my neighbors."* Speaking of crazy, we got some real nuts here: Winfield's crazy; plus Hinson; *"Barger..?!!"* City should have made the guilty pay—then re-hired them later.

John Paul Roy: also looney-tunes—he starts fights with people who have a so-so SRB, and is stupid enough to listen to Charlotte Reese—who intentionally left that part out. "Educated" people also go for Billy Jones—another two-hit wonder, but Reese comes with more than a dental plan. If she had a yacht in Monaco, she'd sit inside that all day, too, in between bouts of keelhauling the crew. She's going to miss me. Although Newsletter links came and went, the Department can't separate Maynard from the Rich & Famous Quarterly, how *I* found out who Kim Maynard was, and later, John Paul Roy—Winfield <u>*covered*</u> for Lawnmower Man, distancing him from an organization he apparently left at some point, after meeting an angry Deputy. Fear is a great motivator. Maynard apparently though, also has "no connection" to the State of North Carolina, anymore—talk about connections.[2] We'll probably never know how a cop met a biker, nor

[2] I could give a flip about Maynard, but did mention to Winfield, that Maynard pulled-up alongside me in Lake Daniel Park over the summer, but not in his work-

how long it takes Winfield to fabricate *alibis*, but let's leave the two alone, for now.

The new tenants at 407—quite unlike the old, and not to mention residents on both sides of them who lived unafraid (one of whom has lived in Lake Daniel probably longer than anyone, who told me his opinion of the WNA—what was *identical* to mine: *"I don't know what those people do, I do my thing, and they do theirs"*) 407 wasn't cool with someone living in their car, down there. What should have been their first impression—and I lose a lot of people, on that one. Freezing on the side of a mountain all night for no good reason, or hearing people, somewhere in the column, their weapon and gear crashing to the blacktop in the heat, with Corpsman running by to administer heat-stroke—well, I've been uncomfortable, before. People love gossip, but dislike substance—my remaining remained an idea lost on many, although it has been interesting for those with no lives—and despite the rumors, it's not 2016. Some countries that don't exactly have democracies, have, nevertheless, people who arrive at similar conclusions "Who the hell are *you* to tell me where I can't be?! Government?! Well, I'm not going ANYWHERE now." One would think that most would recall someone having similar thoughts after they got off work, on the bus—they, too, were told their little place, and if they didn't get it the first time—*why.* Parking Enforcement —"breaking character" by giving me accolades, as well as the particulars on the high-maintenance Matt Brown, informed me that I had to understand that a woman with three kids, who just moved into 407 has a right to worry. But I'm not on the Sex Offender Registry—they're doing a lot better in Lake Daniel than I am. Given no one's running them out of town, my worries would start there—I, however, refused to acknowledge all the wrong people, so became a liability. The Department ruled—once again—that, unlike someone else, I could remain a bore in Lake Daniel Park—so long as I wasn't doing anything *"wrong."* Peeping; framing; slandering—stuff like that, although the city did do a welfare check during Polar Vortex 2014, which, even for me, was a bit much—no one messed around, then!

The city, however, *motivated* others to join-in via rewards; people saw some "dumb tenant"—so went for it! The City of Those on Vacation isn't into "doing the right thing."

Sutton *continues* to get into it over what others often point out is city property—not to mention the property they're on by the time she

---

van—"breaking" his G. S. 50-C. all the way from "South Carolina." He was out of there so fast, it took me awhile to figure out it was him—he didn't laugh at me, like he did while I was moving—he was preoccupied with screwing the pooch: the Department may have dropped him from the Good Old Boy Roster for that one, but he'll never be as much trouble as I am—he's an ignorant redneck, and I'm not. "South Carolina" has become the "Dodging Responsibility State."

catches up with them—and that's not to mention their personal space—what *she's* on some aren't sure. No one has ever helped Sutton—how did the Community Crock lie during her "Denied" case: *"Beautify the neighborhood."* Sutton, therefore, became an asset, while I remained not a wealthy, never-employed associate of *"Jeff Nimmer's."* How Sutton got where she's at is, for some, a mystery also not worth exploring—she's hit the jackpot, again—with a million choices otherwise—she could, at any time, take a course, or fly to Miami—Sutton *chose* the usual—what she'll choose from now until the end of time: she hired people to find me—*"and don't forget 'the dog.'"* Sutton leaves WNA Newsletters on doorsteps, now, I've learned, unsurprisingly, as a result as well, having issues with someone who not only hates the WNA, but didn't want to have anything to do with her, either; despite living nowhere near the Drama-Full Zone, that person also knew: *"She has nothing better to do than start trouble by watching what people are doing—it's the only reason she's there."*

One would think that my making the rich richer by just *living* there would be honored; one would also think that if this problem were eradicated, all would see the light—Speculators with the Right Church would come out ahead, too. But here we are (I'm still contributing, although there's only a few who understand *how*); the city has to promote me as walking disease—I just might come out ahead if there was something good to say.

After determining I wasn't doing anything *"wrong,"* 407 Mimosa continued calling city, once around 1 A.M., as I returned. A sketchy person who I knew I would pay dearly for acknowledging, walked-up—it took me forever to *"get rid of"* him. That also, however, apparently, gave 407 an excuse; the Department, however, didn't stiff me like Officer Winfield did every time I dealt with him, specifically asking me if everything was okay; that Officer knew the dude I landed was risky. Given it was my mistake, I told the Officer that all was well (it kind of was); 407 was told, so sorry, again, and that they could go to the magistrate's office, if they weren't satisfied. They did. You cannot, however, Serve someone you don't know—who you've *never* spoken with, who's also done nothing to you, that you don't even know; the Sheriff never arrived. Officer Winfield, however, after *"receiving anonymous complaints"* sent me packing, easy—just in time for the Annual Stream Clean, I would discover. I was trash that needed to go that no one wanted to touch—the more people that knew about me increased the chances of allies—and the Department taking another dive—and despite the *"long-distance"*—I spent plenty of time out of town—I'm still somehow accused of doing *"horrible, nasty things"* to someone who continues doing horrible, nasty things to others and always will.

Everyone, by this point—even the Dems and Libs, some of whom I'm responsible for putting in idle office—a large portion of whom immediately told me to drop the issue, and is why I immediately dropped the Left—even they should be getting wise: the Department, covering its tracks so as not to miss out on the Beanie Weenie Bennies, continues implying contact, and fault, on my end, exclusively —what some people will do for *"money."* "Attending Preservation Greensboro" and other minutiae city might scrape together becomes material for a case built against me that will never go away. Sheer ignorance, however, is the Department's handmaiden; said "civil issues" are occasionally understood; I'll probably be emphasizing those thirty years from now too, like Gottsegen.

When people continue bringing me noise—at all hours, from all directions, and the numbers increase—I become Staff Sergeant Johnson. I was at Preservation Greensboro first, with Barger showing, later: *to monitor*—I was doing what Barger appears not to. Getting somewhere with a member of the opposite sex I just met there. Another lizard—who, according to the WNA Newsletter, has lived in Lake Daniel *"since 1980,"* stuck his tongue in the Lake Daniel Men's Room for the first time in 20 years—someone who never showed interest when my pants were down, before—vehicles aplenty drove up and down Mimosa—"After Hours" like last October—<u>to pressure me.</u> Should the .10 get lucky, city capitalizes—with excuses and dead silence for the Young Turks of Real Estate whose travels are gangbusters, given foreign stomach viruses. Mr. Badwrench came "all the way to North Carolina" to use the Lake Daniel Men's Room, and just his luck, I was right there. He could have called ahead first, to see if the coast was clear—the Department would probably like to use Maynard's Corvette for target practice for that blunder. It's amazing that some Officers are this dumb. This shouldn't be new to me, though—I also witnessed people go through an excruciating process only to throw it all away, over nothing—it's human nature, I guess. But given my vulnerability I wasn't immediately in tune with, the entire Department didn't juice me—nor has everyone with the city —a fair majority of both, though, belied the Chamber of Commerce. I've become an accidental celeb, of sorts, but with no promotion; or greased palms; just <u>merit.</u> The Community Slouch, while I was at Zone 1 Parking at the end of Mimosa—haunted doors on Friendly Avenue—doors she normally wouldn't have shadowed—the commoners rarely see the WNA—increasing motion-sensor sales by following protocol: "galloping off"—how little experience grows. If Barger had tried that with doors I've frequented over the years, they'd have slammed—the Community Standard Poodle was lauded by the media, and by the city for being identical to Charlotte Sutton: an unworldly low-life.

Someone else in Lake Daniel remains boiling angry about the Community Watch Program posting their dirty laundry online to the Community—one could work for a living in Greensboro, North Carolina, but might I recommend being rich, white, or just knowing some people also like you. Someone I hope breaks their silence—who clued me in to years of conflict I'd missed-out on—told me that *"Jeff Nimmer"* was *"new."* Great—I'm not "new," nor is Charlotte Reese who's reaped the rewards of affluence—the City of Greensboro is geared towards those who possess one thing, no matter their history—or *future.* Being white never hurts, either, that most know—race a ridiculous factor for far too many—and don't get Sutton started. The Lower-Classes are up against it—and better watch it; they'll pay dearly, in all sorts of new ways. This has always been a class issue; I was a contributor—and wasn't taking any junk off someone who never brought a thing to the table. Sutton Served by someone black was sweet justice to those in-the-know; just imagine her indignation over who had *authority,* then—not that it did much to stop her. GCSO knew Reese/Sutton was a handful, handling her with care. It got back to me that Sutton knew when I was leaving for the courthouse. GCSO came through that Thursday evening, but Reese wasn't home—County never had to look far for the Community Watch, though—she was spending more time around my address than her own. I've had more than a few marvel at the taxpayer expense I've racked up, elsewhere; some find the city impressive—undercovers in SUV's arrive in style. One can only imagine additional dirty deals gone way over budget no one will ever know about.

City gave Sutton another vehicle—what is essentially a career—her *range* has *increased.* The Lake Daniel Community Watch This, on that note, has personally, and will, therefore, financially, benefit from a program that is used against the public—Barger *flaunts* her *corrupt relationship* with the Greensboro Police Department, like she's got it like that, because she does. They clearly go way back. Barger embodies the double standard that is the law—she walks around like it doesn't *exist.* And anyone who gets involved with Charlotte Reese—who would rather not be here—but lacks the guts to go through with it—loses; Barger: lost; then Maynard; Swofford; Roy—you got to wonder where these people get their nerve. But the emperor not only has no clothes here, I am pointing out a rash. Officer Winfield, also sunk, lied about *"doing his job"* so many times his body-cam's lost track—he had to have had issues prior to being hired. Sutton nabbed him, too—although he ruined himself, by not doing some field research; he should have *"asked neighbors"* namely those in health care. Now nearly the entire Department's in the hole with her—what some of us could have predicted. The Officer who charged Sutton with "DC" would have immediately charged Sutton for what Public Affairs decided *nearly three years ago, now,* was *"'Harassment.' She*

can't do that, you're going to have call the GPD. That's city property." Sutton—via her government-issue kettle—"gets rid of people"—from her property, when she could have chose positive things—*pursuit* on city property an old saw—for me; the new guys up the street she *waited for, then pursued*; we now have more; and now *"the dog,"* she's "after." If plans go askew for her new hires, she'll just pay the city and those caught more *"money."*

Alexander Walle

Greensboro, North Carolina